

# Tom Lehrer, In Old Mexico

Now, I'm sure you're all aware that this week is national gall-bladder week. So as sort of an educator  
Whereupon he switched to the field of medicine in which field he also won renown as the inventor of  
When it's fiesta time in Guadalajara,  
Then I long to be back once again  
In Old Mexico.  
Where we lived for today,  
Never giving a thought to tomara.  
To the strumming of guitars,  
In a hundred grubby bars  
I would whisper "Te amo";  
The mariachis would serenade,  
And they would not shut up till they were paid.  
We ate, we drank, and we were merry,  
And we got typhoid and dysentery.  
But best of all, we went to the Plaza de Toros.  
Now whenever I start feeling morose,  
I revive by recalling that scene.  
And names like Belmonte, Dominguin, and Manolete,  
If I live to a hundred and eighty,  
I shall never forget what they mean.  
(For there is surely nothing more beautiful in this  
world than the sight of a lone man facing singlehandedly  
a half a ton of angry pot roast!)

Out came the matador,  
Who must have been potted or  
Slightly insane, but who looked rather bored.  
Then the picadors of course,  
Each one on his horse,  
I shouted "Ole!"; ev'ry time one was gored.  
I cheered at the bandilleros' display,  
As they stuck the bull in their own clever way,  
For I hadn't had so much fun since the day  
My brother's dog Rover  
Got run over.  
(Rover was killed by a Pontiac. And it was done with  
such grace and artistry that the witnesses awarded the  
driver both ears and the tail - but I digress.)

The moment had come,  
I swallowed my gum,  
We knew there'd be blood on the sand pretty soon.  
The crowd held its breath,  
Hoping that death  
Would brighten an otherwise dull afternoon.  
At last, the matador did what we wanted him to.  
He raised his sword and his aim was true.  
In that moment of truth I suddenly knew  
That someone had stolen my wallet.  
Now it's fiesta time in Akron, Ohio,  
But it's back to old Guadalajara I'm longing to go.  
Far away from the strikes of the A.F. of L. and C.I.O.  
How I wish I could get back  
To the land of the wetback,  
And forget the Alamo,  
In Old Mexico. Ole!